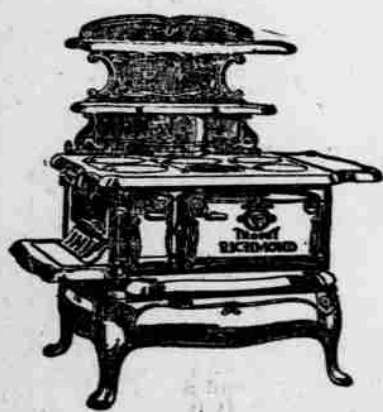


RICHMOND RANGES



Made by BARSTOW STOVE CO., PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Queen of Cookers

I. M. HOPKINS & SON,
972 Main St., Bridgeport
NOYES R. BAILEY, Milford

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher
The Kind You Have Always Bought
In Use For Over 30 Years.

WE ARE SHOWING AN EXCLUSIVE LINE OF POSTAL CARDS

Folders and Booklets, like which are not found in other stores.

POST OFFICE NEWS STORE, 11 Post Office Arcade

JOHN F. FAY, 239 FAIRFIELD AVE.
High class Furniture, Draperies and Novelties, re-upholstering and refinishing furniture, Shades and Curtains in great variety.

All kinds of bedding made to order and made over. The only store of its kind in New England.

IRA GREGORY & CO., Established 1847

Branch Office 972 Main Street
Main Office 262 Stratford Avenue

WAKE UP! STOP DREAMING ABOUT THAT COAL ORDER

Prices have advanced and will soon be higher. Let us fill your bins NOW

THE ARNOLD COAL COMPANY

Branch Office GEO. B. CLAR & CO. YARD AND MAIN OFFICE
30 Fairfield Avenue Telephone 2457 150 Housatonic Avenue

Try Sprague's Extra

ICE COAL WOOD
HIGH GRADE LEHIGH COAL
Sprague Ice & Coal Co.
East End East Washington Ave. Bridge
Telephone 710

Not Many Store-Sales Are Uninfluenced by Store-Advertising!

The store-sales to-day that are uninfluenced, directly or indirectly, by store-advertising will not have amounted to ten per cent. of the total business of the day. By the direct influence of advertising is meant the sales of articles specifically advertised. By the indirect influence of advertising is meant the articles sold that are not specifically advertised, but are displayed to the customers who are drawn to the store BY THE ADVERTISED ARTICLES. In the latter case, as surely as in the first, the advertising must be credited with the sale.

Observant merchants know that this is true. They should gain courage from the knowledge to strengthen their advertising campaigns to the point of matching their store-hopes and plans.

BRILLIANT TALK ON BIRDS

Rev. Mr. Job Before the Grange-Birds as Pioneers—A Big Caterpillar Story.

A large and delighted audience listened on Saturday evening, in the hall of the Housatonic Grange, Stratford, to a talk on birds, given by Rev. Herbert K. Job of Hartford, so said, although he announced that he had just been made a member of the Grange in Milford. The officers of the Grange kindly postponed their business meeting until after the address, as many gentlemen and ladies who were members of the order, were waiting in the hall, anxious to hear the lecture. Mr. Job began by saying that some birds are useful and some are not. It might be that he would be more ornamental than useful upon this occasion as he was yet tender as a result of making the first two degrees in the Grange! He would talk largely about the useful birds, especially those which are insectivorous and therefore helpful to the farmer. He said that every bird, according to its nature, has a special work to perform. Some look after the trunks of trees; others pay attention to the leaves; some look to the ground around the trees. The birds hold the insects in check. It has been estimated that if there were no birds, this world would be unfit in nine years as the habitation of men. The insects would increase at such a tremendous rate that all the trees, plants and grass would be devoured. A French scientist had made calculations about the increase and breeding qualities of a certain caterpillar. These insects are capable of producing 12 generations in one year, and each female lays 500 eggs. If these caterpillars were placed end to end they would make a line which is impossible to measure in feet and inches.

Mr. Job illustrated its length by saying that it takes eight minutes for the light of the sun to reach the earth, and that the line of caterpillars would be so long it would take 2,500 years to travel to the horizon. He then added to the horror of the situation, Mr. Job said that these caterpillars would cover the whole earth eight feet deep. Of course this is a French story, and not a fact. The caterpillars would be eaten by birds. The caterpillars made by the Biological division of the Department of Agriculture. To avoid such a flood of insects and caterpillars, Mr. Job said, they have been created to hold them in check, and that it was a very serious mistake to kill one of them. Some birds will eat thousands of insects in a day. They are always busy. They are always the time to get food. Their stomachs digest very rapidly, and it is no uncommon thing for a bird to eat three or four times a day. If a man should do this he would eat from 300 to 600 pounds of food each day. Mr. Job thought it was a mercy a man did not have to do this, when Mr. Patten forces up the price of wheat, and all food stuffs are so dear and one has a family of from 16 to 18 children.

Speaking of himself, he said he was born in Boston, a town in Massachusetts, and that as a boy of 17 he began to hunt birds. He has been a hunter since dropped that murderous instrument, and now hunts with a camera, which is much more exciting. He has taken many pictures of birds. Mr. Job is a small man, little of limb, well adapted to climbing trees, and once he shinned up a tree for the purpose of taking a picture of a bird. The light of the bird's head brought him blowing and the limbs rocked back and forth like a pendulum, just to get a picture of a horned owl sitting on a tree. The picture was a very interesting one. He thought the right kind of a bird would be much better adapted to exterminating the caterpillars than are men. He knew of one poor fellow who fell from an elm tree, in cold weather, and broke his back. He is now in a hospital.

Mr. Job has thousands of slides and photographs of birds, which he has made himself, taken all over the United States. He goes photographing in Mississippi, Florida, and all over the New England States. He threw upon the screen a number of the very beautiful pictures of many birds common to New England, and exhibited numerous instances where the mother bird is feeding its young. The little chicks would be sitting on a limb with their bills wide apart and their mouth stretched, anxious to get the morsel the mother brought to them. Some of these pictures were very comical and caused the members of the Grange to laugh with delight. The number of angels worms a bird will eat in one day is simply astonishing. Not that these worms do any harm, for according to Darwin, they are constantly stirring up the soil and keeping it in a good condition for the farmer. And but for the angle worm the farmer's boy would have little fun.

The strong point made by Mr. Job all through his lecture was that birds are a great blessing to the farmer, and should be preserved. Among the birds shown upon the screen were chimney swifts, owls, hawks, oven birds, cow birds, sparrows, humming birds, chipmunks, thrashers, linnets, ospreys, song thrushes, grosbeaks, and many others. He regarded birds as the policemen of the fields, ready at all times to devour those insects which are harmful.

We often wonder how any person can be persuaded into taking anything but Foley's Honey and Tar for coughs, colds and lung trouble. Do not be fooled into accepting "own make" or other substitutes. The genuine is the only one that is safe and is in a yellow package. F. B. Brill, local agent.

ATHLYNE

Copyright, 1908, by BRAM STOKER
Entered at Stationer's Hall—All rights reserved

(Continued.)

Athlyne, seeing and hearing, thrilled through to the very marrow of his bones. His great love controlled, compelled him. He made no movement towards her, but looked with eyes of rapture. Such a moment was beyond personal satisfaction; it was of the gods, not of men. And so they stood. Then the tears welled over in Joy's eyes beneath the heavy lids. They hung on the dark, curly lashes and rolled like silver beads down the softness of her cheeks. Still Athlyne made no sign; he felt that the time had not yet come. The woman was his own now, he felt instinctively; and it was his duty—his sacred privilege to protect her. Unthinkingly he moved a step back on the road he had come. Instinctively Joy did the same. It was without thought or intention on the part of either; and indeed, all the time, the usage of the primeval squaw to follow her master outlived races.

Then he paused. She came up to him and they walked level. Not another word had been spoken; but there are silences that speak more than can be written in ponderous words. The two—this man and this woman—knew. They had in their hearts in those glorious moments all the wisdom won by joy and suffering through all the countless ages since the Lord rested on the first Sabbath eve and felt that His finished work was good.

When they paused, she came up to him and they walked level. Not another word had been spoken; but there are silences that speak more than can be written in ponderous words. The two—this man and this woman—knew. They had in their hearts in those glorious moments all the wisdom won by joy and suffering through all the countless ages since the Lord rested on the first Sabbath eve and felt that His finished work was good.

When they paused, she came up to him and they walked level. Not another word had been spoken; but there are silences that speak more than can be written in ponderous words. The two—this man and this woman—knew. They had in their hearts in those glorious moments all the wisdom won by joy and suffering through all the countless ages since the Lord rested on the first Sabbath eve and felt that His finished work was good.

When they paused, she came up to him and they walked level. Not another word had been spoken; but there are silences that speak more than can be written in ponderous words. The two—this man and this woman—knew. They had in their hearts in those glorious moments all the wisdom won by joy and suffering through all the countless ages since the Lord rested on the first Sabbath eve and felt that His finished work was good.

When they paused, she came up to him and they walked level. Not another word had been spoken; but there are silences that speak more than can be written in ponderous words. The two—this man and this woman—knew. They had in their hearts in those glorious moments all the wisdom won by joy and suffering through all the countless ages since the Lord rested on the first Sabbath eve and felt that His finished work was good.

When they paused, she came up to him and they walked level. Not another word had been spoken; but there are silences that speak more than can be written in ponderous words. The two—this man and this woman—knew. They had in their hearts in those glorious moments all the wisdom won by joy and suffering through all the countless ages since the Lord rested on the first Sabbath eve and felt that His finished work was good.

When they paused, she came up to him and they walked level. Not another word had been spoken; but there are silences that speak more than can be written in ponderous words. The two—this man and this woman—knew. They had in their hearts in those glorious moments all the wisdom won by joy and suffering through all the countless ages since the Lord rested on the first Sabbath eve and felt that His finished work was good.

When they paused, she came up to him and they walked level. Not another word had been spoken; but there are silences that speak more than can be written in ponderous words. The two—this man and this woman—knew. They had in their hearts in those glorious moments all the wisdom won by joy and suffering through all the countless ages since the Lord rested on the first Sabbath eve and felt that His finished work was good.

When they paused, she came up to him and they walked level. Not another word had been spoken; but there are silences that speak more than can be written in ponderous words. The two—this man and this woman—knew. They had in their hearts in those glorious moments all the wisdom won by joy and suffering through all the countless ages since the Lord rested on the first Sabbath eve and felt that His finished work was good.

When they paused, she came up to him and they walked level. Not another word had been spoken; but there are silences that speak more than can be written in ponderous words. The two—this man and this woman—knew. They had in their hearts in those glorious moments all the wisdom won by joy and suffering through all the countless ages since the Lord rested on the first Sabbath eve and felt that His finished work was good.

When they paused, she came up to him and they walked level. Not another word had been spoken; but there are silences that speak more than can be written in ponderous words. The two—this man and this woman—knew. They had in their hearts in those glorious moments all the wisdom won by joy and suffering through all the countless ages since the Lord rested on the first Sabbath eve and felt that His finished work was good.

When they paused, she came up to him and they walked level. Not another word had been spoken; but there are silences that speak more than can be written in ponderous words. The two—this man and this woman—knew. They had in their hearts in those glorious moments all the wisdom won by joy and suffering through all the countless ages since the Lord rested on the first Sabbath eve and felt that His finished work was good.

When they paused, she came up to him and they walked level. Not another word had been spoken; but there are silences that speak more than can be written in ponderous words. The two—this man and this woman—knew. They had in their hearts in those glorious moments all the wisdom won by joy and suffering through all the countless ages since the Lord rested on the first Sabbath eve and felt that His finished work was good.

When they paused, she came up to him and they walked level. Not another word had been spoken; but there are silences that speak more than can be written in ponderous words. The two—this man and this woman—knew. They had in their hearts in those glorious moments all the wisdom won by joy and suffering through all the countless ages since the Lord rested on the first Sabbath eve and felt that His finished work was good.

When they paused, she came up to him and they walked level. Not another word had been spoken; but there are silences that speak more than can be written in ponderous words. The two—this man and this woman—knew. They had in their hearts in those glorious moments all the wisdom won by joy and suffering through all the countless ages since the Lord rested on the first Sabbath eve and felt that His finished work was good.

When they paused, she came up to him and they walked level. Not another word had been spoken; but there are silences that speak more than can be written in ponderous words. The two—this man and this woman—knew. They had in their hearts in those glorious moments all the wisdom won by joy and suffering through all the countless ages since the Lord rested on the first Sabbath eve and felt that His finished work was good.

When they paused, she came up to him and they walked level. Not another word had been spoken; but there are silences that speak more than can be written in ponderous words. The two—this man and this woman—knew. They had in their hearts in those glorious moments all the wisdom won by joy and suffering through all the countless ages since the Lord rested on the first Sabbath eve and felt that His finished work was good.

When they paused, she came up to him and they walked level. Not another word had been spoken; but there are silences that speak more than can be written in ponderous words. The two—this man and this woman—knew. They had in their hearts in those glorious moments all the wisdom won by joy and suffering through all the countless ages since the Lord rested on the first Sabbath eve and felt that His finished work was good.

When they paused, she came up to him and they walked level. Not another word had been spoken; but there are silences that speak more than can be written in ponderous words. The two—this man and this woman—knew. They had in their hearts in those glorious moments all the wisdom won by joy and suffering through all the countless ages since the Lord rested on the first Sabbath eve and felt that His finished work was good.

When they paused, she came up to him and they walked level. Not another word had been spoken; but there are silences that speak more than can be written in ponderous words. The two—this man and this woman—knew. They had in their hearts in those glorious moments all the wisdom won by joy and suffering through all the countless ages since the Lord rested on the first Sabbath eve and felt that His finished work was good.

When they paused, she came up to him and they walked level. Not another word had been spoken; but there are silences that speak more than can be written in ponderous words. The two—this man and this woman—knew. They had in their hearts in those glorious moments all the wisdom won by joy and suffering through all the countless ages since the Lord rested on the first Sabbath eve and felt that His finished work was good.

When they paused, she came up to him and they walked level. Not another word had been spoken; but there are silences that speak more than can be written in ponderous words. The two—this man and this woman—knew. They had in their hearts in those glorious moments all the wisdom won by joy and suffering through all the countless ages since the Lord rested on the first Sabbath eve and felt that His finished work was good.

an easy art to learn kissing is, and how soon even the most bashful of lovers become reconciled to its exacting rules!

Then she began to admire his car, partly to please him, partly because it was really a splendid machine admirably wrought to its special purpose—speed. He lifted a couple of coats and asked:

"Which will you wear?" "It is warm enough isn't it without a coat?" "At present, yes." But when our friend here," he slapped the car affectionately, "wakes up and knows whom he has the honour of carrying you'll want it. You have no idea what a difference a fifty or sixty mile breeze makes."

"I'll take this one, please," she said without another word; a ready acquiescence to his advice which made him glow afresh. One after another she took all the articles which his loving forethought had provided, and put them on prettily. She felt, and he felt, too, that each fresh adornment was something after the manner of an embrace. At the last he lifted the moon and held it out to her. She took it with a smile and a blush.

"I really quite forget my hat," she said. "This funny how your memory goes when you're very eager!" This little speech, unconsciously uttered, sent a wave of sweet passion through the man. "Very Eager!" She went on. "But where on earth am I to put it? I think I had almost better hide it here behind the hedge and retrieve it when we get back!" Athlyne smiled superiorly—that sort of affectionate tolerant superiority which woman admires in a man she loves, and which the least sentimental man employs unconsciously at times. He stooped into the bushes and drew out under one of the seats drew out a leather bonnet-box which ran in and out on a slide. As he touched a spring this opened showing space and equipment for several hats and a tiny dressing bag.

"Why, dear, there is everything in the world in your wonderful car."

How he was thrilled by her using the word—the first time her lips had used it to him. It was none the less sweet, because spoken without thought. She herself had something of the same feeling. She quivered in a languorous ecstasy. But she did not even blush at the thought; it had been a natural expression of her feeling and she was glad she had said it. Their eyes searched each other and told their own eloquent tale.

"Darling!" he said, and bending over kissed again the rosy mouth that was pouted to meet him.

In silence he opened the door of the tonneau. She drew back.

"Must I go in there—alone?" "I can't go with you darling. I must sit in the seat to drive. Unless you would rather we had the chauffeur!"

"You stupid old . . . dear!" this in a whisper. "I want to sit beside you—as close as I can . . . darling!" She sank readily into his arms which instinctively closed about her. True love makes its own laws, its own etiquettes. When lovers judge harshly each the conduct of the other it is time for the interference or verdict of strangers. But not till then.

Athlyne took the wheel, feeling in a sort of triumphant glory; in every way other than he had expected. He thought that he would be ardent and demonstrative; he was protective. The very trustfulness of her reception of his caresses and her responsiveness to them made for a certain intellectual quietude.

Joy too was in a sort of ecstatic calm. There was such completeness about her happiness that all thought of self disappeared. She did not want anything to be changed in the whole universe. She did not want time to fly, but she was aware of it. She was the man she loved. That might—would—come later; but in the meanwhile happiness was so complete as to transcend ambition, hope, time.

Athlyne, who had made up his mind as to the direction of the drive, came down on the high road and drove at moderate speed to Ambleside; he thought that it would be wise to go slowly so as not to be too conspicuous. He had given Joy a dust-devil but she had not yet adjusted it. The present pace did not require such protection, and the idea of concealing her identity did not even enter into her head. When they were passing the post-office a sudden recollection came to Athlyne, and he stopped the car suddenly. Joy for an instant was a little alarmed and looked towards him inquiringly.

"Only a letter which I want to post," he said in reply as he stepped down on the pavement. He opened his jacket and took from his pocket a letter which he placed in the box. Joy smiled at the letter; she vaguely wondered if it was the same that she had seen him close and put into his pocketbook. The thought was, however, only a passing one. She had something else than other people's letters to think about at present.

Just as he was turning back from the post box Eugene, who was taking advantage of her freedom, passed along the pavement. She stopped to admire the tall chauffeur, who she thought the handsomest man she had ever seen. She did not know him. Her service with Miss Ogilvie had only commenced with the time of her leaving Italy. Mrs. Ogilvie's maid had attended to Joy. She stood back and pretended to be looking in at a window as she did not care to be seen staring openly at him. Then she saw that he was no ordinary chauffeur. It was with a sigh that she said to herself:

"Vola! Un vrai Monsieur!" Her eyes following him as he turned the starting handle and took his seat behind the wheel, she saw that his countenance was her mistress. Not wishing to appear as if prying on her either, she instinctively turned away.

As Athlyne was arranging himself to his driving work he said quietly to Joy:

"Sorry for delaying, but it was a most important letter which I wanted to be delivered to-night. It might be late if it was not posted till Carlisle." This was the first knowledge Joy had of the driving of the journey. Eugene heard only the last word as the car moved off.

The pace was comparatively slow until the outskirts of Ambleside had been passed; then he told Joy to put on her spectacles and donned his own. When they were both ready he increased the pace, and the car flew to the shores of Rydal Water. At Joy's request they slowed down whilst the lake was in sight; but raced again till the road ran close to the peaceful water of Grasmere. But when Grasmere's tomb lay away to their left they flew again up the steep road to Thirlmere. Athlyne was a careful driver and the car was a good hill climber. It was only when the road was quite free ahead that they went at great speed. They kept steadily on amongst the rising mountains, only slackening as they passed to Thirlmere and dropped down to Keswick. They did not stop here, but passing by the top of Derwentwater drew up for a few minutes to look down the lake where the wooded islands add so much to the loveliness of the view. Then on again full speed by the border.

(Continued on Page 9.)



THE MOST IMPORTANT ITEM OF THE FIRST MEAL OF THE DAY IS COFFEE

In order to build you up for the day's work should be stimulating—A healthy tonic—leave it all to

SUNRISE COFFEE

Carefully selected, thoroughly cleaned and perfectly blended, and being packed in air-tight cans, retains its goodness, at the same time preventing the coffee absorbing the flavors of such as oil, fat, butter, etc.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT. Roasted and packed by
MINER, READ & GARRETTE,
NEW HAVEN, CONN.

25¢ Packed in One Pound Sealed Cans

The Chances Are

That you will need coal for some time yet—even if you don't operate a coal stove in summer—so it's well to remember that an empty coal bin is always menace to health and happiness. Keep it well filled with the best coal procurable—you buy that from

THE NAUGATUCK VALLEY ICE CO.
421 HOUSATONIC AVE. Telephone 164
Down Town Office 164 FAIRFIELD AVE.

COAL—and=WOOD

Flour, Grain, Hay and Straw, and RETAIL

Telephone 481-8
A 9 a.m. BERKSHIRE MILLS.

TRY OUR
30¢
and you will be
SATISFIED
Good and Clean

WHEELER & HOWES,
944 MAIN ST. East End Congress Street Bridge

THIS MEANS YOU!

A POINTER

How To Improve Business

ONE OF THE MOST ESSENTIAL REQUISITES TO AN UP-TO-DATE, MODERN BUSINESS, IS A SELECT AND WELL-PRINTED ASSORTMENT OF OFFICE STATIONERY. "A MAN IS JUDGED BY THE COMPANY HE KEEPS." THE SAME RULE APPLIES TO THE STATIONERY OF BUSINESS MEN.

The Farmer Publishing Co.

Book and Job
Printers

27 Fairfield Ave., Bridgeport, Conn.

Want Ads Cent a Word.